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THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in 1768 and is now in its one hundred and fifty-second year. It is the oldest newspaper in the Union, and with the exception of the *Advertiser* of Boston, is the oldest printed newspaper in the country. It is a large sheet weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading—editorial, State, local and general news, well selected intelligence and valuable features and household departments. Reaching as many households in this and other states, the *Mercury* is a great service, revealing in every volume the business men.

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ROBINS WILMOT'S LODGE, No. 205, Order Sons of St. George; Patrick Benney, President; Fred Hall, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Mondays.

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THE NEWPORT HISTORICAL SOCIETY—James Robertson, President; Daniel J. Conning, Secretary. Meets 2d and 4th Tuesdays.

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DAVIS DIVISION, No. 3; U. R. K. of P.—Sir Knight Captain Sidney D. Harvey; J. W. Schwarz, Recorder. Meets 1st Friday.

CLAY MELROSE, No. 103—John Yule, Chief; Alexander Gillies, Secretary. Meets 2d and 4th Fridays.

Local Matters.

Board of Aldermen.

The regular weekly meeting of the board of aldermen was held on Wednesday evening, this week, Thursday being St. Patrick's Day. The business was largely routine. The regular weekly bills and pay rolls were approved and ordered paid.

The board of firewards asked permission to purchase 1000 feet of hose, three alarm boxes, and one horse, and it was understood that the committee of the aldermen would act with the board of firewards in the purchase. Permission was granted to erect a small stand at the city pier at Van Zandt Avenue for the sale of candy, etc.

There was a discussion regarding bills and letters presented for furnishing the Touro Synagogue. It developed that a committee of the board had been appointed to act with a committee from the Synagogue in regard to the matter of purchasing these goods and that the aldermanic committee had not been consulted. It was decided that the contractor should have a representative present at the next meeting to explain its claim. The matter of purchasing a new road roller and extra parts for the highway department was left to the committee recently appointed. In the matter of the purchase of dust laying oils for the streets there were several bidders. The matter was left to the street commissioner. Contract for lubricating oil of various grades was given to the New-Port Foundry & Machine Co. The purchase of paving blocks was left to the street commissioner, as he believed that he could get a more advantageous price than had been offered. The same course was taken in regard to cement. The contract for sewer pipe went to Alexander Fludder. Stone for cross walks will be furnished by the Hudson Blue Stone Company.

It was voted that the Mayor and president of the board of aldermen should be a committee to install the uniform system of municipal accounts recently ordered by the representative council.

Mr. George E. Allen, an employee of the New England Navigation Company, has been placed on the company's pension roll, after 30 years of continuous service. He was one of the original painters of the steamers of that line.

Mr. Anthony Stewart is visiting in New York.

Representative Council.

The adjourned session of the representative council was held on Wednesday evening, when considerable routine business that had been left over from the last meeting, was transacted. The body was not in session very long, adjourning at about 9.30. There was but slightly more than a quorum present when the meeting was called to order, but more came in a little late.

A resolution was introduced authorizing a contract with the Newport Hospital for the care of advanced cases of tuberculosis at their homes, and after this had been amended to read pulmonary tuberculosis, it was passed.

The resolution authorizing a contract with the Newport Hospital for the care of the sick poor of the city, with certain exceptions, caused considerable discussion. The resolution provides that patients shall be admitted to the Hospital under this contract by the city physician, and Dr. Rawson moved to amend by allowing any Newport physician to enter a patient. The amendment was defeated.

John B. Brahan, Seth W. M. Battone, Robert A. Hayes, Michael J. Burns, and William Lewis were added to the list of weighers of coal and merchandise.

On recommendation of the tax assessors, the city treasurer was directed to cancel certain tax charges against George Kelly heirs, and later taxes assessed were remitted. The assessors reported back the request of the Common Sense Gum Company for remission of taxes without recommendation and the council laid it on the table temporarily.

Mr. Edward W. Higbee, collector of taxes, came before the council to talk over personal property taxes. A long list of uncollectable taxes for small amounts had been reported to the council at its first meeting, being the names of many who apparently could not be compelled to pay their taxes, some having moved away, or for other reasons. Mr. Higbee explained the reasons why these taxes could not be collected, and Mr. Friend of the tax assessors explained how they got assessed. The accompanying resolution remitting these taxes was not passed.

A resolution was passed providing iron markers for the burial lots that are given perpetual care by the city, and also providing for annual reports to the council. Petitions for repairs to Ledyard place, Merton road, and for lights on Harrison avenue, which had been before the committee of 25, were laid on the table. Petitions for granite sidewalks were referred to the street commissioner, asking for walks on the following streets: south side of Oak street, north side of William street, Central street, and East Bowery street. A petition asking for a reduction in the amount charged for joun license was received. The annual report of the dog constable was received.

A resolution was passed requesting the General Assembly to pass an amendment to the General Laws, empowering the board of health to compel the removal of privy vaults. A petition to have the inner harbor dredged was laid on the table, but later was referred to a committee for investigation.

The board of aldermen called attention to the fact that the redistricting of the city for the election of members of the General Assembly may make it for the best interests of the city to change the existing ward lines. Mr. Levy introduced a resolution creating a committee of five to look into the matter and report, the resolution being passed.

A resolution was passed providing for the appointment of a committee to consider the advisability of ridding the city of rats and mice by the use of a new virus.

A resolution was passed appropriating \$500 for the use of the committee on the new police station. A resolution fixing the hours of labor of the gatekeepers on the railroad crossings was referred to the city collector. An ordinance was passed in amendment to the present ordinance defining the duties of the tax collector, changing the hours a little for the collection of taxes.

A resolution was passed to protect the interests of the city island to be used for the erection of a wall on Wellington avenue. The council declined to suspend the rules to allow of the introduction of a resolution raising the pay of the employees of the highway department.

The council adjourned to meet at the call of the chair.

Former Mayor Daniel B. Fearing has resigned from the sub-committee of the Council on new police station and Mr. George Gordon King has been selected to fill the vacancy.

Dr. Nathan E. Etes of this city has been elected a member of the executive committee of the Eastern Alumni Association of Worcester Academy.

Mr. and Mrs. James S. Cowles and son have returned from a trip to England.

Mr. George E. Allen, an employee of the New England Navigation Company, has been placed on the company's pension roll, after 30 years of continuous service. He was one of the original painters of the steamers of that line.

Mr. Anthony Stewart is visiting in New York.

Death of Dr. Morgan.

Professor Morris Hickey Morgan, Ph.D., LL.D., died at an early hour Wednesday morning at the residence of Mr. Daniel B. Fearing, on Annandale road. Dr. Morgan was spending a few weeks in Newport as guest of Mr. Fearing having come here from Cambridge on account of ill health; caused by overwork. On Monday his condition assumed a very serious aspect, and, despite the fact that the best medical treatment was administered to him, he failed rapidly. His wife and mother, who were sent for, were with him at his death.

Professor Morgan was born in Providence, February 8, 1869, and was a son of Morris B. and Isabella (Manton) Morgan. He graduated from Harvard University in the class of 1881. In 1887 he received the degree of master of arts and doctor of philosophy from Harvard and in 1890 received the honorary degree of doctor of laws from Howard College. He was appointed a tutor at Harvard in 1889 and in 1891 was made assistant professor in Latin and Greek. Three years later he became assistant professor in Latin and since then has been professor of classical philology, succeeding in 1899 Professor Frederic De Forest Allen. He married Eleonora Seaman Gibson of Baltimore.

Professor Morgan and Mr. Fearing were classmates at Harvard and were warm personal friends. The former was a great writer. Among his works are the following: "De Igne Eleventh Modis apud Antiques," 1892; "Dictionary to Xenophon's Anabasis," 1892; translation to Xenophon's "The Art of Horsemanship," 1893; "Bibliography of Perseus," 1893; "The Phormio of Terence," 1895; "Eight Orations of Ilyas," 1895; "A School Latin Grammar," 1899; "The Minor Works of Tacitus," 1904; besides he wrote many interesting essays and reviews.

Funeral services were held at Appleton Chapel at Cambridge, Mass., yesterday afternoon, Bishop Lawrence and Rev. Prescott Evans of Cambridge officiating. The body was then taken to Providence for interment.

St. Patrick's Parade.

Many persons were disappointed at the appearance of snow on Thursday, St. Patrick's Day, but despite the inclemency of the weather, there was a large street parade. Had the weather been pleasant the ranks would have been greatly increased, however, as many of the older members were afraid to risk parading in the storm. At 11.20 the special train from Fall River arrived with 481 passengers and ten minutes later the electrics hauled the Providence visitors. The visitors were conducted to the various halls which had been designated as their headquarters and were warmly welcomed by those in waiting for them. The line was formed near the city hall and started about 12.33. The streets were crowded with people waiting anxiously to see the parade and many stores were closed on this occasion. There was a very liberal display of decorations throughout the city.

The funeral of John M. Buckley, who died at his home on Warner street on Saturday last, in the eighty-second year of his age, took place from St. Joseph's Church Tuesday morning and was very largely attended.

Mr. and Mrs. George Gordon King will be absent from Newport this summer, having planned to spend the season abroad.

Mr. and Mrs. August Belmont, who recently went abroad, will spend several weeks cruising about the Mediterranean.

Mr. John Gilpin has been at Lyndhurst, N. J., visiting his son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Harold F. Gilpin.

Captain Chauncey Kenyon, who has been a visitor in Washington, has returned to Price's Neck Life Saving Station.

Mr. Lawrence W. Condray has returned from Hartford, Conn., where he was called by the death of his father.

Mr. and Mrs. James H. Benney, Jr., have been entertaining Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Silberman, of New Haven, Conn.

Lieut. Samuel B. Thomas, U. S. N., has been visiting his mother, Mrs. Charles M. Thomas, on Ayrault street.

Mrs. Harold Brown has returned from a trip to New York, accompanied by Mrs. George Peabody Wetmore.

Mrs. William T. Rutherford, who has been seriously ill for many weeks, is convalescing.

Mr. Thomas W. Freeborne is confined to his home on Spring street by illness.

Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, Jr., is spending several weeks in California.

Ex-Mayor Daniel B. Fearing is ill at his residence on Annandale road.

Mr. and Mrs. James S. Cowles and son have returned from a trip to England.

Mr. Anthony Stewart is visiting in New York.

School Committee.

At the regular monthly meeting of the school committee on Monday evening there was a talk and instruction in the Palmer method of business writing by Mr. Palmer, who explained his system in detail and enumerated its many advantages. After an hour had been devoted to this matter the committee took up its regular business.

The report of Superintendent Lull contained the following items:

The total enrollment for the four weeks ending February 25, 1910, was 3,798; the average number belonging, 3,491; the average number attending, 3,230; the per cent. of attendance, 92.6; the cases of tardiness, 302; the cases of truancy, 80.

The total enrollment is 96 in excess of last year at the same date.

In the Townsend Industrial, 1,236 pupils were enrolled from January 30 to February 25. The school day in the Townsend is divided into three periods, 8.45 to 10.30; 10.30 to 12.15; and 2 to 4. The five long afternoon periods are given to the five classes of grade IX.

Their work requires more time and, if they please, they may remain after 4 o'clock without interfering with other school duties. During these 15 periods a week 1,110 grammar pupils receive instruction in woodwork, or in sewing and cooking. The remaining pupils come from the Rogers for mechanical drawing, wood and ironwork, or from St. Mary's forloyd in the regular periods or for cooking at 4 o'clock. One would not suppose that after 15 years of continuous work it would be necessary to explain these facts about the Townsend, but outside remarks show that they are not known by all.

Evening Schools.

Last Friday the evening schools completed their two terms of ten weeks each with the following record:

	Average enrollment.	Attendance.
Elementary,	165	50.4
Mechanical drawing,	25	16.6
Freehand drawing,	18	13.2
Bookkeeping,	23	16.0
Stenography-typewriting,	20	18.2
Total,	277	114.6

Board of Health.

Since the last meeting, February 14, the Board of Health has reported no cases of diphtheria and four cases of scarlet fever. Only one of the four was in school, but nine pupils were excluded because of the four.

Muniford School.

February 21, His Honor, Mayor Boyle, transferred by letter, to the Muniford School to the School Committee. The sub-committee of the school immediately arranged for a public inspection Monday evening, February 28. In spite of the heavy fall of rain, and of the fact that the building had been in use for nearly six months, many citizens were present and expressed their appreciation of this well-arranged, well-constructed and well-furnished schoolhouse. They also regretted the lack of an assembly hall.

Indianapolis.

Although your superintendent, on account of the illness of the clerk of this board, was unable to attend the national meeting of school superintendents, he acknowledges with pleasure the kindness of the Board in granting him permission to go to Indianapolis.

Coles Lectures.

Last Thursday Mr. Greenlaw, head of the science department of the Rogers, gave the first of the two annual lectures. The subjects this year are: "Electric Waves in Relation to Wireless Telegraphy" and "Earth Catastrophes." A very attentive audience rewarded the speaker's effort to make a technical subject understood by those who have given only a little attention to it. These lectures, which began in 1904, are a valuable feature of the extension work of the school department.

Teachers' Retirement Fund.

To the \$28,181.45 reported as the total amount February 14, \$78,53 has been added. By subscription \$64 was obtained and by the sale held by the Calvert teachers \$116 was secured. These and the monthly payment of \$35.53 by the teachers make the grand total \$28,979.98.

The report of Trustee Officer Topham contained the following:

Number of cases investigated (reported by teachers), 112; number of cases of truancy (public, 11; parochial, 2), 13; number out for illness and other causes, 99; number of different children truant, 12; number of certificates issued (14 to 16 years), 1; number of certificates issued to children over 15 years of age, under factory inspection law, 2.

The children whose names were presented for prosecution at your last meeting, I am pleased to state are doing much better.

Cherub Devine

By SEWELL FORD

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CHAPTER III.

AS to the matter of raiment, Mr. Cherub Devine was fastidious in but one particular. He was fond of fancy waistcoats. His fastidiousness began and ended with waistcoats. His trousers and coats were invariably of the same cloth and cut, summer and winter, year in and year out. His waistcoats betrayed a catholic taste for color and variety. Whenever he felt like indulging himself or celebrating a victory or forgetting a defeat he would put on and bought a new waistcoat.

As he was "travelling light," he had brought to Hewington Acres a bare half dozen of them, and of these he had narrowed the choice to two—one a cretonne of tobacco brown silk with red dots in it, the other a white plique with buttons of smoky pearl. Which should he wear for a Sunday morning stroll in the garden? In the end he tossed a quarter. The brown silk won, much to his satisfaction, for he had a newborn suspicion that the white one made his waist line appear more round than it really was.

Still, he was in the garden at 9 o'clock. Probably it was mere curiosity that led the Cherub to pace up and down the trimly kept walks for a long half hour. He was about to give up the vigil and leave when he caught sight of the countess peering from behind one of the stone gateposts.

Making a pretense of not having seen her, Mr. Devine sauntered by to the gate and seemed surprised when he found her before him. He noted that this morning she was to gray, with something white at her throat. He even remembered that last night she had worn black.

"You must not misunderstand my coming here," she began hurriedly. "It was very wrong of me to think of such a thing. I came only to tell you so."

"Anything new about me in the Sunday papers?"

"No, but papa was talking about you again last night, and he—"

"Oh, that's the trouble! He got out his scrap book. Which chapter of my many wickednesses furnished the text this time?"

"He read to me about that French singer."

"La Belle Savoy?"

"Yes; the one to whom you gave the diamond ring which was stolen."

"Oh, yes. That was Kittle's birthday present. Nice little thing, Kittle. Her real name is O'Neill, you know."

The countess was retreating up the path, but she still kept her brown eyes fixed on Mr. Devine. There was a curious, apprehensive look in them, such as a small boy testifies on a cotton cracker to which he has touched a match.

"Yes, I ought to go directly back."

"But how about the reform? I thought we were to have a talk and that you were going to give me some pointers on breaking into good society. You're not going to quill like this, are you?"

The countess shook her head.

"I was mistaken. It was very silly of me to make such a promise. But I—Oh, can't you see? I ought not to be here talking to you at all!"

"Well, why not? What's the particular matter with me, anyway?"

"It's only—only that—" The countess glanced about in desperation. "Well, I will ask you. Do you consider yourself a—a gentleman?"

For a moment Mr. Devine stared at her speechless. He had insisted on knowing, and now that he had her answer he was too much astonished to frame a reply. He had expected nothing of this kind. The question opened

"Oh, no, no! I did not mean to say that. I couldn't say it. I—I do not know you well enough. I merely asked you to decide for yourself."

The countess bit her lip from vexation. She was cornered and knew it. But was she beaten? Did you ever see a woman defeated by mere logic?

"That's unfair," she replied reproachfully. "You know I haven't said anything of the kind. All I did say was that I ought to go back, and I must."

"Then I suppose I'll just have to keep right on going to the dogs," observed the Cherub dolefully. "I didn't know I was quite such a hopeless case, though."

"Oh, it isn't that; it isn't that!" protested the countess.

"Must be," declared the Cherub. "If it wasn't you wouldn't run away like this. Why, I'm so bad that you won't talk to me. I don't suppose that you'd even shake hands with any one so wicked."

It may have been merely impulse, perhaps it was the pathetic spectacle of the Cherub's injured feelings—tears showed suddenly in the brown eyes of the countess.

"Oh, you mustn't feel that way—you mustn't," she pleaded. "Of course I will." There! Impulsively she extended both hands to him. Rather awkwardly Mr. Devine took them in his. Then he did not know what to do next, whether to let go or to hold on.

He had not fully decided when a tall, gray-haired man of stern face and dignified bearing appeared behind them. He seemed very much astonished at the scene.

"Adele, who is this?" he demanded.

"This, father, is Mr. Devine." It was finely done—no hesitancy, no trembling of voice, no wavering of the eyes.

"Not the—the—"

"Yes, the Cherub. Isn't it, Mr. Devine?"

Mr. Devine nodded a good-natured assent.

"But, Adele, this is entirely unexpected. I had no idea that you were acquainted with this—Mr. Devine."

"I have only been telling him that I could not see him again during his stay."

"Aha! Quite proper! I am sure that Mr. Devine does not expect it. Good day, sir. Come, Adele."

Dutifully the countess followed her father out of the garden.

The ash on Mr. Devine's cigar, however, was not an eighth of an inch longer before he was surprised to see Mr. Hewington reappear before him. The Hewingtons, it seemed, were addressed to postscripts.

"Wonder if he's come back with a tick," reflected the Cherub.

But Mr. Hewington's manner was not openly hostile.

"It has just occurred to me, Mr. Devine," he began, "that you might fancy our attitude somewhat discourteous. If so, you are in error. We are merely maintaining under rather awkward conditions our customary reserve. Do you follow me, sir?"

"I'll get a glimmer now and then, complacently rejoined the Cherub. "You mean that you're not tickers."

Mr. Hewington smiled coldly at the metaphor. "Society is apt to make distinctions," he continued. "Perhaps you do not know that our family has been prominent since colonial times. My great-aunt married a son of the Marquis de Lafayette."

"Never met the gentleman," commented the Cherub.

"Probably not. He came to America in 1815."

"So? Then he got here before I did."

Mr. Hewington ignored this remark. "This estate, Mr. Devine, was part of the original grant. In my father's time it extended for fifteen miles along the sound. The old mansion, which stood for nearly a century, was honored by the presence of such men as Daniel Webster, President Tyler and others. Charles Dickens was a guest here during his tour of this country. In the present house the late Mrs. Hewington and myself have welcomed many distinguished personages. Then, as you know, my daughter is the Countess Vecchi, allied by marriage to one of the noblest families of Lombardy."

"Seems to be it heard about that."

"Possibly, possibly." Mr. Hewington waved his eyeglasses impatiently. "I am telling you these things, Mr. Devine, that you may have a better understanding of our attitude. Since the death of the count she has lived in seclusion. She has almost entirely withdrawn from society."

Mr. Devine looked keenly at the old gentleman. "I see," he observed. "Kind of looks by herself. Well, I've no objection. I didn't come up here especially to get acquainted with you folks, you know. In fact, you and the countess were rather sprung on me as a surprise."

Mr. Hewington might have been seen to shudder. "My dear Mr. Devine," he protested, "I fear that you still fail to realize our position. Circumstances compel us to remain here during your stay. There is my sister."

"Yes, I know all about that, and I wouldn't for the world disturb the sick lady. I'm just trying to be sociable. I want you to stay until you're ready to leave."

"You see, Mr. Devine, my plans for the immediate future are very uncertain."

"Yes, that seems to be the word. What does the countess say about it?"

"I never discuss matters of business with my daughter. Women do not understand such matters. Of course it is necessary to have her sign papers now and then. The lawyers insist on it. Some of the property having been left to her, but I never try to explain things which I do not fully comprehend myself. The sale of this place, for instance, still perplexes me. I did not desire it at all. I suppose, however, that it was necessary as a matter of form. Probably you have a clearer notion of it than I, Mr. Devine."

"Your idea is a bit hazy," admitted the Cherub.

"Perhaps so, but I presume that your—er—possession here is only a

temporary arrangement. Hargrave will soon be adjusted, I suppose, when my attorney finally gets around to it. My daughter was more or less worried until I assured her that I would attend to the affair personally."

"Then she cheered up, didn't she? Mr. Devine appeared to find the conversation interesting."

"She was relieved, of course. But I have been so engrossed in preparing a pamphlet on the well-known scientific subject which would not be of interest to you—that have neglected to take the proper steps. However, now that you think my understanding the situation, I trust that you will not act hastily."

"Oh, I hadn't put you out of anything it's 't," said Mr. Hewington. Make your mind easy on that score."

"It is very considerate of you, sir. Of course until the affair is settled we shall not encroach on your technical right of passage for more than is absolutely necessary. If the present arrangement is satisfactory I would suggest that it be continued."

The Cherub favored Mr. Hewington with a whimsical smile. "Well, we'll let the thing drift for awhile anyway. Only you don't have to act as though you were prisoners. Why don't you and the countess come down to your meals just as though I wasn't here?"

"My dear sir!" Here Mr. Hewington began an exhaustive review of the situation. When he was through Mr. Devine chuckled gleefully. It was an amazingly simple proposition. The Hewingtons were the Hewingtons, and he—well, he was Cherub Devine. That told the story.

It was all done very courteously and delicately in Mr. Hewington's fine, aristocratic manner, yet nothing but the superlative buoyancy of Mr. Devine's audacious soul saved him from being utterly crushed.

"I wish I could have dreams like that," soliloquized the Cherub when he had been left alone.

The possibilities incident upon acquiring a quiet country house were surprising to Mr. Cherub Devine.

"Let's see," he reflected: "I'm not exactly what you'd call an unwelcome guest, am I? I guess I must be an unwelcome host, then, and hanged if that isn't a new one on me. But there's worse and more of it. I'm no gentleman, for one item. Then, if I'm to be here all I hear about myself, I'm a deep dyed villain and an unregenerate sinner who has butted into his own house. Take it all around, things are pretty badly mixed. Wonder what program I ought to follow."

More or less thought Old Mr. Devine bestow upon the Countess Vecchi during the next half hour. He had a well defined idea, had the Cherub, that his knowledge of women was vast and deep. Oh, he had seen lots of them! They had been of all kinds too. It was part of his philosophy that the wise man kept out of their way, that generally they meant mischief and that when they didn't they were most dangerous.

"No, thank you." This was the Cherub's attitude toward the sex. Our experience was quite enough for him, for there had been considerable to his affair with Kittle O'Neill, whom he had mentioned to the countess. He was hardly out of his teens then, to be sure, and Kittle, having achieved one and twenty, and a position in the second row of the chorus, had viewed his awkward advances with silent scorn until one eventful day when she had fully revealed her attitude by a sudden burst of derisive laughter. Cherub Devine's faith in womankind had been destroyed.

But in the presence of the Countess Vecchi he forgot all his scruples. He was quite sure that no one just like her had ever existed before! Therefore it was amazingly unjust that she should look upon him as an outcast or as a burning brand of sin. He couldn't tell her what a good fellow he was, and she had no chance of finding it out for herself so long as the old gentleman regarded him as socially unfit.

"I see," exclaimed the Cherub at last. "I've got to qualify in his class. Well, here goes!"

CHAPTER IV.

HAVING decided upon his course of action, Mr. Devine promptly sought out the obsequious Timmins at his office in the stables.

"Been here some time; haven't you, Timmins?" he suggested.

"Came here as undergroom fifteen years ago, sir."

"Must know the old gentleman fairly well, then?"

"Lor, yes, sir! And he's a very fine old gentleman, sir, in his way."

"Sure," assented the Cherub. He had settled back in an office chair and was studying intently the varnished pine ceiling. "But what's his way?" he asked abruptly.

Timmins looked perplexed. "Where are his short ribs?" went on Mr. Devine. "What's his strong suit?"

"Oh!" Timmins had translated Mr. Devine's figures of speech. "Well, sir, he's all wrapped up in the Countess Vecchi, sir, him being a widower for so long. Nearly knocked him out when the count turned out to be so bad. He was regular wicked, sir; played roulette most of the time. Why, they hadn't more'n left the church before he asks the countess for money and chokes her when she wouldn't get it for him."

"Who made that match, Timmins?" "Mr. Hewington himself, sir. He was carried away with the idea of his daughter being a countess."

"Banks heavy on society, does he? Do the Hewingtons cut much of a figure now in the giddy whirl?"

"Lor, no, sir. Since they lost their money they've kind of dropped out of it all. It goes hard with the old gentleman, too."

Mr. Devine smoked thoughtfully for several moments before asking, "Any real swell neighbors around here?"

"Lots of 'em, sir. It's a very select neighborhood, sir, as you'll find. Why, just above us are the Wilburs—Knickerbockers, sir. Above them are the Miller-Tremways—youngest daughter married into the Earl of Dillington's family and was received at court. And next below us are the Wallways, folks that has their own coat of arms and—"

"You—you wish me to visit you at

"Not Nick Wallway?"

"He's the head of the family now. His, Nicholas is."

"So Nick is a neighbor of mine, is he?"

"But they're very exclusive, the Wallways are, sir. They entertain lots of titled folk. They used to be very friendly here, sir, but none of them's been here now for nearly two years."

"Then it's time they came," declared Mr. Devine. "How about the other folks, the Wilburs and the Tremways?"

"Haven't been here for a long time either, sir."

"Very thoughtless of them, isn't it?"

But we'll fix that. Hitch up two or three of those gingersnap horses and take me over to the Wallway place."

"Today, sir?" Timmins stared his astonishment.

"No; right away."

"But it's Sunday, sir. Begging your pardon for being so bold, sir, but the Wallways don't receive on Sundays, sir, and they've got a bishop there."

"Good! I'm right at home when there's a bishop around. And it's see about the receiving business. You just attend to the booking up, Timmins."

So Timmins did, but it was with much concern for his professional dignity that he drove up to the imposing carriage entrance of the Wallway residence. The reception opened quite as he had feared. In fact, the Wallways were the Wallways, and he was Cherub Devine. Tell him I left a special invitation for him and see what he says!"

"I will consult my mother. Thank you very much, Mr. Devine."

"Oh, that's all right. And, say,

Nick, while you're about it just round up a few of the neighbors for me, will you? Those Wilburs and lymphatic Tremways and any others you think will do. Bring a mob—the house is big enough."

Young Mr. Wallway gasped.

"But—but—" he began in postulation.

"Oh, sir, you can if you go at it right," broke in the Cherub encouragingly. "They've all heard of me, I'll bet. Tell 'em I'm a freak, a curiosity—anything that'll fetch 'em fast enough. Any one staying at the Tremways? You don't say! Comes from Austria, doesn't he? Well, you tell the Tremways to bring the Baron along. Why, the Baron and I took the batons together at Baden Two-Times. The Baron's all right too. Oh, hell, remember me. Say, what's the proper crape for a Sunday night spread?—Half past 8? Well, call it 8:30 then. So long, Nick."

If the Cherub had used ropes and straps he could not have left young Mr. Wallway more incapable of moving from the chair in which he was sitting. For a long period he stared vaguely into space without stirring. Once or twice his lips murmured a name. It sounded something like Adele. Gradually, however, the Wallway club resumed its usual firmness. A look of resignation crept into the gray eyes. He rose stiffly, walked to

Established by Franklin in 1784.

General Assembly.

The matter of greatest interest before the Legislature during the past week has been the hearing before the House committee on corporations on the application of the Southern New England Railway for a charter. This was the second hearing, the first having taken place on Friday of last week. Representative Hazard of this city presided as chairman of the committee, and the crowd was so great that the House chamber had to be used instead of the hearing room. President Mellen of the New Haven had, was the principal speaker and suggested a number of important amendments to the proposed charter which will undoubtedly be given careful consideration by the committee.

The House committee on judiciary will give hearing on the two acts asked for by the representative council of Newport next Friday upon the rising of the House. Requests for a hearing have been received by the committee from citizens of Newport. The acts were introduced by Representative Franklin of this city at the request of the city solicitor.

The Senate on Tuesday killed the woman suffrage act by a decisive vote, only three members voting for it. This occasioned considerable oratory, and there was a large number of ladies in attendance.

The House has passed Substitute A of an act in amendment of the charter of the Newport Artillery Company.

The annual appropriation bill has been reported to the House by the Finance committee, showing some very drastic cuts from department estimates. The total amount recommended is \$1,899,479. The Senate judiciary committee has reported favorably the bill introduced by Senator Saabrook to safeguard depositors in savings banks.

The late Senator Platt began his public career as a singer. The fact may account for his always being ready to sacrifice anything for harmony.

This promises to be a bad year for the wheat comers. Even Patten says the winter wheat crop will be the "biggest ever."

Middletown.

A class of 19 young men from St. George's School was confirmed on Sunday by the Rt. Rev. Wm. N. McVicar, of Providence, Bishop of Rhode Island, at St. Columba, the Berkeley Memorial Chapel. A large congregation entirely filled the attractive little church and was deeply attentive to the impressive services and the strong forceful sermon which was delivered by the Bishop. Tall potted palms were arranged upon the chancel steps and within the sanctuary, and upon the altar were white carnations, among ferns, also Easter and cala lilies. The services were conducted by the rector, Rev. Latta Griswold, assisted by Rev. John B. Diman and Rev. Arthur N. Pease. The vested choir sang the anthem, "Send out the light and thy truth, let them lead me," by Gounod, during the offertory, with their musical director, Mr. Walter Ruel Cowles at the organ. The other parts of the musical service were conducted by the chapel organist, Mr. Edward Perry Lake of Newport.

Mr. Rockefeller says that giving away his fortune will injure nobody. Perhaps a fear of doing human restraints Mrs. Hetty Green from such benevolence.

A \$72,000 mansion in Washington for the vice president is proposed. At the usual rentals at the capital that would be about the equivalent of a cozy flat.

Mr. Rockefeller's annual income is said to be \$60,000,000 in some years and \$20,000,000 in others. This uncertainty as to just how near the wolf may be to the door must be very trying on the nerves.

An expander of the poultry business says any man can succeed in it who has brains and loves work. Every hobo will claim the first qualification, but may request a cautious course of training for the rest.

While it may be true that J. Pierpont Morgan controls one-fifth of the wealth of the United States, it is equally true that every other industrious citizen is trying to control as much of it as he can. Most of us make a mighty poor showing though in that direction.

The Newport fire department has again lived up to its reputation for efficiency. The fire on Wednesday afternoon had a big start and was in an unusually dangerous place, but the department quickly had it under control without a great amount of danger. And still our insurance rates continue inordinately high.

President Taft mentions in a speech that the cost of the Panama Canal is now estimated at \$97,000,000, an increase of more than \$150,000,000 over the original figures. In this great undertaking the American people took the chances and would cheerfully do it again. They are gratified to know that the dirt is flying steadily and successfully.

A Western exchange well up in base ball lore remarks: On one occasion when an elephant charged Col. Roosevelt the hunter dropped behind a log and the infuriated animal overran the base. The American mind trained in the strategy of the diamond field, is too much for the unsophisticated behemoths of Africa. No doubt the colonel touched out the elephant with a bullet.

With the opening of spring, the number of automobile accidents began to multiply. The indications are that in spite of high cost of living, more people than ever will "motor" during the coming summer, so that in a few months the country highways will see a veritable procession of automobiles flying along. The poor pedestrian will have to watch out.

It may be somewhat exasperating to be compelled each year to remit a long list of taxes assessed against persons from whom they cannot be collected, but the council did not gain anything by refusing to remit these taxes at its meeting on Wednesday evening. The tax collector has reported that these taxes cannot be collected and they will have to be remitted eventually. Taxes should not again be assessed against persons who have refused to pay them this year and who do not own sufficient property to make them collectable by process of law.

Superior Court.

The Dennis will case has occupied practically all the time of the court during the past week. This is an appeal from the decision of the Probate Court which found in favor of the bequests.

Mrs. Sarah B. Dennis, who died some time ago, was the wife of William E. Dennis, Jr., and a modest relative of Charles E. Lawton. At one time she drew her will making Mr. Lawton the principal beneficiary, but later drew a revocation, providing that her property should be distributed among the heirs at law. The appellant claims that she was not in proper mental condition at the time the revocation was executed and that undue influence was exerted upon her. The trial of the case was begun on Friday of last week and has occupied all the attention of the court since then. Many witnesses have been heard on both sides, and considerable bitterness of feeling has been shown between the two principal contestants. The case is one that has been followed with considerable interest by many of the people of Newport.

The Salvation Army has secured a hall on Thames Street and will open a permanent quarter in Newport. Ensign Edmund Guigale from Boston is in the city getting ready for the opening, Saturday, April 2nd. The bugle can be seen at the YMCA, C. A. room on May Street every evening this week from 8 to 9 o'clock.

Mrs. Mary A. Gardner and her daughter, Miss Susie C. Gardner, are visiting in New York.

Weather Bulletin.

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Washington, D. C., March 19, 1910.

Last bulletin gave forecasts of disturbance to cross continent March 19 to 23, warm wave 18 to 23, cool wave 21 to 25. When our great (?) scientists undertake to investigate the equinoctial storms they ignorantly suppose that March 21 or 22 must be the dates and therefore they fluid cutting in the equinoctial storm theories. They seem to be incapable of learning that the exact dates of equinoctial storms vary from ten to ten days after the equinoxes. The moon and planets regulate these dates. For this year the equinoctial storms should be double, coming to Meridian about March 16 and 28, with violent storm near 21, except cooler weather and low temperatures will be crossing the continent.

Last disturbance in March will reach Pacific coast about 25, cross Pacific slope by close of 26, great central valleys 27 to 29, eastern sections 30. Warm wave 26 will cross Pacific slope about March 25, great central valleys 27, eastern sections 29. Cool wave will cross Pacific slope about March 29, great central valleys 30, eastern sections April 1.

This will be one of the equinoctial storms, the other having occurred near March 16. Our magnetism all admit that the earth's magnetism develops greater energy and variations near the equinoxes and planetary meteorologists know that magnetism is the basis of all storm forces.

From March 19 to 25 temperatures will range lower than usual but as this equinoctial disturbance approaches the temperatures will go up rapidly and all kinds of weather, usual to the season, may be expected.

The most radical change in weather features may be expected near March 28 at which time the earth will pass between Jupiter and the Sun. I have not calculated the locations of these Jupiter magnetic disturbances, but as I expect one storm center to be, on March 28, on Pacific coast and another on Atlantic coast, Jupiter's effects will probably be experienced near the east and west coasts of the continent near March 28.

Next bulletin will reach out into April and be important because it is one of the principal crop months.

THE COMET.

Most people are fearing the results when the earth passes through the tail of the comet but that is not the danger point.

The guess of the comet's tail fourteen million miles from the comet are exceedingly light as compared with our atmosphere and therefore cannot penetrate to the earth.

But the solid body of the comet will pass very close to the earth's orbit about eight days after the earth will have passed the point of crossing and as I see it the poisonous gasses that may be thrown off from the comet will follow the earth along the path of the earth's orbit. I cannot say that these gasses will reach the earth but if they do it will be along the path mentioned and may cause some strange diseases during the spring and summer.

The Book of the Future.

(Hartford Courant)

Some time ago we had occasion to refer to Henry Clay's confident belief—declared in open Senate—that his compromise measures had quieted the country, and had banished the agitating slavery question from the Capitol forever. He was as sure of it as John Randolph was that this would never be a manufacturing country, or as Daniel Webster was (for a while) that the United States would be better off without the Pacific Slope than with it. As we pointed out, Mr. Clay, had he lived nine years longer, would have seen Abraham Lincoln's election and heard the Sumter guns.

The yellowing pages of the old records preserve many of these mistaken judgments and forecasts. There's other queer reading in them, too—for instance, this speech made by Jefferson Davis in the Senate, June 27, 1850. He spoke as a man long convinced and fully convinced that his paramount allegiance was to Mississippi, and that his state's commands must be sacred to him. But he said in his speech:

When any respectable man shall ever accuse me of being a disloyalist, I will answer him in no uncertain terms. At present I have no wish to enter into an argument to prove that false which I hope no gentleman will charge, and which my whole life utterly condemns. I have a superstition, sir, which governs my mind and holds it captive, it is a superstitious reverence for the Union. If one can inherit a sentiment, I may be said to have inherited this from my Revolutionary father.

Eleven years later he was being sworn in at Montgomery as President of the Confederate States of America.

Washington Matters.

The Ballinger-Pinchot Investigation has created great interest at the National Capital—Long Controversy Over Mr. Garfield's Withdrawal of Water Power Sites—Secretary of Interior to Amend Minnesota Conservation—Notes.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

Washington, D. C., March 19, 1910.

The Ballinger-Pinchot investigation is exciting more interest at the national capital than its legislation in either house of Congress. Mr. Pinchot has completed his testimony and James J. Garfield, who was Secretary of the Interior, holding the cabinet portfolio now held by Mr. Ballinger, during President Roosevelt's administration, has been in the witness chair. Mr. Garfield has given the Senate committee some enlightening information relating to the involved history of this question. In the statements of Secretary Ballinger's connection with the Alaska coal cases as a lawyer, Mr. Garfield charged that he had known of the Guggenheim deal and reiterated his opinion that the express authority of the law was not always necessary to enable the executive to act in the interest of the people.

There was a long controversy concerning Mr. Garfield's withdrawal of water power sites while he was Secretary of the Interior, and the Senate committee pressed more closely for a justification of his right to place a charge on their use by measuring the water resources which were unpopulated.

It was plainly the use of the Senate committee that such waters were controlled not by the federal government, but by the states. Mr. Garfield replied that the states owned the waters and the government the lands surrounding them, and that each party could impose such restrictions as were deemed necessary. The witness strongly justified his large withdrawal of lands and said that his statement to President Taft that Mr. Ballinger had sought to return them to entry without attracting too much public attention was based on an assertion of the Minnesota Conservation Congress to be held at St. Paul next week, he will not be invited to attend the banquet to be given by the St. Paul Roosevelt Club on March 19, in honor of Gifford Pinchot, former Chief Forester. This is a significant straw indicating the trend of public opinion and public feeling. Secretary Ballinger is undoubtly much that has been done by his predecessors, both ex-Secretary Garfield and ex-Secretary Hitchcock. A large part of the lands along the Grande River in Colorado and Utah withdrawn by Garfield, will be restored to entry by Ballinger. Also, coal lands in New Mexico withdrawn by Hitchcock and Garfield will be restored to entry.

There seems to be a determination on the part of Congress to provide a large sum of money for the construction of federal buildings in Washington. Representative Martin of South Dakota, member of the Public Buildings Committee of the House, has called upon the Secretary of the Treasury for a statement of the amount of rent paid by the government in Washington. The program is to erect a number of public buildings within the next few years.

It is expected that a bill providing for a void issue to cover the cost of the construction of the buildings, about \$100 millions of dollars, will be presented. It will no doubt be economical for the government to build its own offices, inasmuch as the rented property used is quite inadequate for government purposes and the amount paid in rents is three or four times as much in relation to the value of the property as the amount that the government can secure by the issue of 2 percent bonds.

Mr. S. J. Murphy of New York, representing John D. Rockefeller, appeared before the Senate committee yesterday morning to explain the plan for the incorporation of the Rockefeller Foundation in the bill recently introduced in the Senate. His explanation threw much additional light on the plan, which he said had advanced no further than has already been made public. He, however, cleared up some legal and technical details of the incorporation, and he confirmed the facts already published.

Rhode Island of course wants all the intruders there are going, but it cannot afford to do an injury to any one for the sake of helping any other.

The committee which is hearing the Grand Trunk petition will keep these two facts in mind, it should have no difficulty in doing the fair thing by all concerned.—Westerly Sun.

Following the death of Anges Snell, a well known character of Tiverton and vicinity, who died in the Massachusetts State prison this week, announcement is made that he had confessed to many crimes including five murders. He is said to have confessed that he killed Peleg Cornell, the Little Compton hermit, who was found dead some years ago, thus clearing up a mystery that has puzzled the county authorities for some time. Snell had a bad record, and his name appeared many times upon the Superior Court docket for Newport County. It is well that he is out of the way.

Past Commander Nelson R. Dwyer was presented with a past commander's jewel at a meeting of Newport Tent, Knights of Maccabees, held in Builders & Merchants Hall Monday evening. The presentation was made by Commander Frank P. Kieg.

Miss Idia Lewis, keeper of the Llame Rock Lighthouse, has been elected an honorary life member of the Newport Yacht Club, in recognition of her valuable life saving record.

Pneumonia is quite prevalent among the boys at the Naval Training Station, eight deaths having been reported, while a number are under treatment at the naval hospital.

Rev. Joseph Cooper, pastor of the First Methodist Episcopal Church, and Mr. Benjamin F. Thurston, have returned from a trip to Bermuda.

MILE IN 27.33 SECONDS

Barney Oldfield Travels Faster Than Man Ever Did Before.

Daytona, Fla., March 17.—Barney Oldfield, driving against time from a flying start, in a 290-horsepower Benz automobile of special design, made the fastest mile ever traveled by a human being. His time was 27.33 seconds. He traveled at the rate of 191 feet a second.

Nothing projected into space by man has ever traveled 5234 feet at equal speed. The previous record was set here four years ago by Marrott, who drove a special Stanley steamer one mile in 29 1-5 seconds, at an average speed of 127.6 miles an hour. Oldfield's average was 181.72.

PORTER FINDS DIAMONDS

Turns Over Jewels Worth \$25,000 and Receives Reward of \$10.

Shreveport, La., March 17.—Mrs. Fannie J. Ricks of Washington, while traveling to Yazoo, Miss., left a bag containing 175 diamonds and other jewels valued at \$25,000, in the Pullman berth at Jackson, Miss.

The negro porter turned it over to the conductor, who handed it to the officials. The porter received \$10.

TO RAISE THE MAINE

Bill Appropriating \$50,000 Favorably Reported in House.

Washington, March 16.—The house committee on naval affairs reported favorably a bill appropriating \$500,000 to raise the wreck of the battleship Maine in Havana harbor.

The bill was taken on the statement of the department that the wreck was a menace to navigation.

Missing Auditor Not Located.

Boston, March 16.—The police and United States officials are at a standstill in their efforts to locate O. M. Wheelock, the missing auditor of the Massachusetts Bonding and Insurance company, who is charged with embezzlement amounting to \$224,000.

Uniformed Men Must Be Recognized.

Washington, March 16.—The house committee on naval affairs reported unanimously the bill prohibiting by fine and imprisonment the exclusion of uniformed soldiers or sailors from public places.

Mr. and Mrs. Newton Adams returned to Providence the early part of the week, after spending a few days in this city.

WEEKLY ALMANAC

MARCH STANDARD TIME

1910

Sun 1 Sun 1 Mon 1 High water 7:18 10:10 2:21 16:11 1:03

10 Sat 2 0:6 11:3 3:22 8:21 4:03

11 Mon 3 4:18 12:4 4:21 4:22 4:47

12 Tues 4 0:26 13:5 5:57 5:15 5:44

13 Wed 5 0:15 14:6 5:25 6:02 5:27

14 Thurs 6 5:09 16:5 5:50 6:15 7:06

15 Fri 7 5:18 10:11 5:53 7:21 7:41

Last Quarter 24 days, 2h. 21m., morning

New Moon, 16 days, 2h. 21m., morning

First Quarter 17 days, 6h. 27m., evening

Full Moon 23 days, 3h. 21m., evening

HOUSES, SITES AND FARMS

Persons living in other States, away from New York and wishing information for themselves or friends regarding tenements, houses, furnished and unfurnished, and farms or sites for building, can ascertain what they want by writing to

A. O'D. TAYLOR,

REAL ESTATE AGENT,

Tales For a Winter Evening

The Meanness of Rosy

From the "Old Home House"

By JOSEPH C. LINCOLN

Copyright, 1907, by A. S. Barnes & Co.

CAPT'N JONADAR said that the south seas and them islands was full of queer happenings anyhow. Said that Er'ly turn-reminded him of one that Jule Sparrow used to tell. There was a cockney in that yard, too, and a south sea woman and a schooner! But in other respects the stories was different.

"You all know Wash Sparrow, here in Wellmouth," says the cap'n. "He's the jolliest man in town. It runs in his family. Washy's brother ante-Julius Caesar Sparrow—he was as no account and lazy as the rest. When he was around this neighborhood the only thing that would get him stirred up at all was the mention of a feller named 'Rosy' that he knew while he was seafaring way off on other side of the world. Jule used to say that 'twas this Rosy that made the lose faith in human nature.

"The first time ever Julius and Rosy met was one afternoon just as the Emily—that was the little fore and aft south sea trading schooner Jule was in—was casting off from the run-shacks landing at Hello Island. Course that ain't the real name of it. The real one is spelled with four o's, three a's, five v's and a pick measure of b's and x's here in to fill up. No white man ever said the whole of it. Them that tried always broke down on the second fathom or so and said 'Oh, the hereafter' or words to that effect. Course the missionaries see that wouldn't do, so they twisted it stern first, and it's been Hello Island to most folks ever since.

"Why Jule was at Hello Island is too long a yarn. B'iled down it amounts to a voyage on a bark out of Seattle, and a first mate like yours, Er', who was a kind of Christian Science chap and cured sick sailors by the laying on of hands—likewise feet and behavin' pros and ax handles and such. Him and Julius had their final argument one night when the bark was passing abreast one of the Navigator islands, close in. Jule hove a marlin spike at the mate's head and jumped overboard. He swum ashore to the beach, and inside of a week he'd shipped aboard the Emily.

"George Simmons, a cockney Britisher he was and skipper, was standing at the schooner's wheel, swearing at the two Kanaka sailors who were hoisting the jib. Julius, who was mate, was roosting on the lee rail midships helping him swear. And old Teunis Van Dozen, a Dutchman from Java or thereabouts, who was cook, was setting on a stool by the galley door ready to heave in a word whenever 'twas necessary. The Kanakas was doing the work. That was the usual division of labor aboard the Emily.

"Well, just then there comes a yell from the bushes along the shore. Then out of them bushes comes tearing a little man with spectacles and a black enamel cloth carpetbag, heaving sand like a storm shovel and seemingly trying his best to fly. And astern of him comes more yell and a big, husky Kanaka woman, about eight foot high and three foot in the beam, with her hands stretched out and her fingers crooked.

"Jule used to swear that that beach was all of twenty yards wide and that the little man only lit three times from bush to wharf. And he didn't stop there. He fired the carpetbag at the schooner's stern and then spread out his wings and flew after it. His wings just hooked over the rail, and he managed to haul himself aboard.

"Cap'n George Simmons looked down at the wrecked flying machine and grunted.

"'Oomph!' says he. 'You don't look like a man the girls would run after. Lady your wife?'

"The little feller bobbed his specs up and down.

"'So?' says George. "'Ow, can I bear to leave thee, 'ey? Well, ain't you ashamed of yourself to be running off and leaving a nice, 'andsome, able-bodied wife like that? Look at 'er now over there on 'er knees a-praying for you to come back!'

"She ain't praying," her husband pants, ducking down aga'nt quick. "She's a-picking up stones."

"And so she was. Julius said he thought sure she'd care in the Emily's ribs afore she got through with her broadsides. The rocks flew like hail. Everybody got their share, but Cap'n George got a big one in the middle of the back."

"You m'stable four-eyed shrimp!" he sars. "Twould serve you right if I 'ove to and made you swim back to 'er. Blow me if I don't believe I will!"

"Aw, don't, cap'n! Please don't beg the feller. I'll be awful grateful to you if you won't." And I'll make it right with you too. I've got a good thing in that bag of mine—yes, sir, a beautiful good thing."

"Oh, well," says the skipper, bracing up and smiling sweet as he could for the ache in his back, "I'll 'elp you out. You trust your Uncle George. Not on account of what you're going to give me, you understand," says he. "It would be a pity if that was the reason for 'elpin' a feller creat-Sparrow, if you touch that bag I'll break your blooming 'ead. 'Ere, you; 'ead it to me. I'll take care of it for the gentleman."

"All the rest of that day the cap'n couldn't do enough for the passenger. Give him a big dinner that took Teunis two hours to cook and let him use his own pet pipe with the last of Jule's tobacco in it, and all that. And that evening, in the cabin, Rosy told his

story. Seems he come from Bombay originally, where he was born an innocent and trained to be a photographer. This was in the days when these hand cameras was'nt so common as they be now, and Rosy—his full name was Clarence Rosebury, and he looked it—had a fine one; also he had some plates and photograph paper and a jug of 'developer' and bottles of stuff to make more, wrapped up in an old overcoat and packed away in the carpethag. He had landed in the Fijis first off and had drifted over to Hello Island, taking pictures of places and natives, and so on, intending to use 'em in a course of lectures he was going to deliver when he got back home. He boarded with the Kanaka lady at



"I've got a good living in that bag of mine."

Hello! His money give out, and then he married her to save board. He wouldn't talk about his married life, just shivered instead.

"But what about this good thing you was mentioning, Mr. Rosebury?" asks Cap'n George, polite, but staring hard at the bag.

"That's it," answers Rosy, cheerful.

"What's it?"

"Why, the things in the grip, the photograph things. You see, my experience has convinced me that there's a fortune right in these islands for a photographer who'll take pictures of the natives. They're all dying to have their photographs took. Why, when I was in Hello Island I could have took dozens, only they didn't have the money to pay for 'em, and I couldn't wait till they got some. But you've got a schooner. You could sail around from one island to another, me taking pictures and you, getting copra and—pounds and things from the natives in trade for 'em!'

"Old on!" Cap'n George had been getting redder and redder in the face since Rosy was talking, and now he fairly b'iled over, like a teakettle. "Old on!" he roars. "Do I understand that this is the good thing you was going to let me in on—to cruise you around from Dan to Beersheba, feeding you tobacco and giving you tobacco to smoke?"

"That's my tobacco," breaks in Jules.

"Shut up!" Crushing you around, and you living on the fat of the water and me trusting to get my pay out of typettes of Kanakas! was that it? Was it?"

"'Why—why, yes,' answers Rosy. 'But, cap'n, you don't understand!'

"Then," says George, straining up and rolling up his pajama steeves, "there's going to be justifiable homicide committed right now."

"Jule said that if it hadn't been that the skipper's sore back got to hurting him he don't know when him and the cook would have had their turn at Rosy, 'cause they wanted a turn on account of the tobacco and the dinner, not to mention the stous' bruises. When all hands was through, that photographer was a sp'lit negative."

"And that was only the beginning."

"They made him work his passage, and every mean and dirty job there was to do be had to do it. They took his clothes away from him, and while they lasted the skipper had three shirts at once, which hadn't happened since he served his term in the Sydney jail. And he was such a comfort to 'em. Whenever the dinner wa'n't cooked right, instead of blaming Teunis they took it out of Rosy. By the time they made their first port they would not have parted with him for no money, and they locked him up in the fo'castle and kept him there. And when one of the two Kanaka boys run away, they shipped Rosy in his place by unanimous vote. And so it went for six months, the Emily trading and stealing all around the south seas.

"One day the schooner was off in out of the way part of the ocean, and the skipper come up from down below, bringing one of the photographing doties from the carpethag."

"See 'ere," says he to Rosy, who was swabbing decks just to keep him out of mischief, "what kind of a developer stuff is this? It has a mighty familiar smell."

"That ain't developer, sir," answers Rosy, meek, as usual. "That's alcohol. I use it—"

"Alcohol," says George. "Do you mean to tell me that you've had alcohol aboard all this time and never said a word to one of us? If that ain't just like you! Of all the ungrateful beasts as ever I—"

"When Jule and the other two got through convincing Rosy that he was ungrateful they took that bottle into the cabin and began experimenting. Julius had lived a few months in Maine, which is a prohibition state, and so he knew how to make alcohol 'spiffs'—one-half wet fire and the rest water. They 'spilt' for six days. Then the alcohol was all out and the Emily was all in, being stored up on a coral reef one mile offshore of a little island that nobody'd ever seen afore."

"They got into the boat—the four

white men and the Kanaka—busted the hull and headed for the beach. They lauded all right and was welcomed by a reception committee of fifteen husky Kanakas with spears, dressed mainly in bone necklaces and sunshine.

"The darkies led 'em up good and proper" and then held a committee meeting, arguing, so Julius calculated, whether to serve 'em plain or with greens. "While the rest was munking up the bill of fare a few set to work bigpacking the bags and things, Rosy's uncles among 'em. Pretty soon there was an awful Jabberwock. They was pretty excited, and two or three of 'em was waving square pieces of cardboard in their hands.

"And here's where the Emily's gang had a streak of luck. The Kanaka sailor couldn't talk much English, but it seems that he could manage to understand a little of their Hugo."

"Picture," says he, crazy-like with joy. "Picture, cappy; picture!"

"When Rosy was new on board the schooner he'd taken the cap'n's picture and Julius' and Van Dozen's. The pictures would have got 'em hung on somewhere in civilization, but those darkies wasn't particular. Anyhow, they must have been good likenesses, for the committee see the resemblance right off."

"They think witchcraft," says the Kanaka. "Want to know how make."

"Lord!" says George. "You tell 'em we're witches from Witch Center. Tell 'em we make them kind of things with our eyes shut and if they eat us, we'll send our typettes to 'ant' em into their graves. Tell 'em that quick."

"Well, I guess the Kanaka obeyed orders, for the Islanders untied the feet of their Sunday dinners, got 'em into line and marched 'em out across country, prodding 'em with their spears, either to see which was the tenderest or to make 'em step lively. I don't know which."

"Julius said that was the most nervous walk ever he took; said 'twas down he was so leaky with spear holes that he cast a shudder like a skhomer. Just afore sunset they come to the other side of the island, where there was a good-sized native village with houses made of grass and cane and a big temple-like in the middle, decorated fancy and cheerful with skulls and spines! There was a great chair arrangement in front of the temple, and on it was the fattest, ugliest old liver colored woman that Julius ever see. She was rigged up regardless with a tooth necklace and similar jewelry, and it turned out that she was the queen of the bunch. Most of them island tribes have chiefs, but this district was strong for woman suffrage."

"Well, the visitors had made a hit, but Rosy's photographs made a bigger one. The queen and the headmen of the village pawed over 'em and compared 'em with the originals and pawed over like a sewing circle. Then they called up the Kanaka sailor, and he prehended witchcraft and haddoed to beat the ears, lying as only a feller that knows the plates are warming for him on the back of the stove can. Finally the queen wanted to know if the long pigs could make a witch picture of her."

"Tell 'er yes," yells George when the question was translated to him. "Tell 'er we're picture makers by special appointment to the queen and the Prince of Wales. Tell 'er we'll make her look like the sweetest old chocolate drop in the fathy shop. Only be sure and say we must have a day or so to work the plates and put on the kibosh!"

"So 'twas settled, and dinner was put off for that night, anyhow. And, the next day being sunny, Rosy took the queen's picture. 'Twas an awful strain on the camera, but it stood it fine; and the photographs he printed out that afternoon was the most horrible collection of mince pie dreams that ever a sane man run afout of.

"But her majesty thought they was lovely! and set and ginned proud of 'em for hours at a stretch. And the wizards was untied and fed up and given the best house in town to live in. And Cap'n George and Julius and the cook got feeling so cheerful and happy that they begun to kick Rosy again, just out of habit. And so it went on for three days."

"Then comes the Kanaka interpreter, grinning kind of foolish."

"'Cappy,' says he, 'queen likes you. She likes you much lot.'

"'Well,' says the skipper, modest, 'she'd ought to. She don't see a man like me every day. She ain't the first woman,' he says.

"She like all you gentlemen," says the Kanaka. "She say she want witch husband. One of you got marry her?"

"'Hey?' yells all hands, setting up.

"'Yes, sir. She no care which one, but one white man must marry her tomorrow, else we all go chop plenty quick!'

"'Chop' is Kanaka English for 'eat.'

"There won't no need for the boy to explain."

"Then there was times. They come pretty nigh to a fight, because Teunis and Jule argued that the skipper, being such a ladies' man, was the natural born cholee. Just as things was the warnest Captain George bid no idea."

"Rosy," says he.

"'Hey?' says the others, then Rosy?

"Why, of course, Rosy's the man!"

"But Rosy won't agreeable. Julius said he never see such a stubborn mule in his life. They tried every reasonable way they could to convince him, pounding him on the head and the like of that, but 'twas no go."

"I got a wife already," he says, whispering.

"I tell you," says Julius. "We'll square and draw straws!"

"'Wat?' hollers George. "Well, I guess not!"

"And I'll hold the straws," says Jule, winking on the side.

"So they drew straws, and, strange as it may seem, Rosy got stuck. He cried all night and, although the others tried to comfort him, telling him what a lucky man he was to marry a queen, he wouldn't cheer up a mite.

"And next day the wedding took place in the temple in front of a wood idol with three rows of teeth and as ugly almost as the bride, which was

saying a good deal. And when 'twas over the three shipmates come and congratulated the groom, wishing him luck and a happy honeymoon and such. Oh, they had a b'oly time, and they was still laughing over it that night after supper when down comes a lot of big darkies with spears, the Kanakas interpretin' leading 'em.

"'Cappy,' says he, 'the king say you no stay in this house no more. He say too good for you. Say what?' when the place been clean up, maybe to use it himself. You got to go."

"Who says this?" roars Cap'n George, ugly as could be.

"The king, he says it."

"The queen, you mean. There ain't no king."

"Yes, sir. King and queen now. Mr. Rosy be king. All tribe proud to have witch king."

The three looked at each other.

"Do you mean to say," says the skipper, choking so he could hardly speak, "that we've got to take orders from 'im?"

"Yes, sir. King say you no mind we make."

"Well, sir, the language them three used must have been something awful, judging by Jule's tell. But when they vowed they wouldn't move the spears got busy, and out they had to get and into the meanest, dirtiest little hut in the village one with hardly any sides, and great holes in the roof. And there they stayed 'll night in a pouring rain—the kind of rains you get in them islands.

"The only thing they could agree on was that Rosy was what the skipper called a 'viper' that they'd nourished in their bosoms."

"Next morning 'twas worse than ever. Down comes the Kanaka with his spear gang and routs 'em out and sets 'em to gathering breadfruit all day in the hot sun. And at night 'twas back to the leaky hut again."

"And that wasn't nothing to what come later. The lives that King Rosy led them three was something awful. 'Twas dig in and work day in and day out. Teunis had to get his majesty's meals, and nothing was ever cooked right. And then the royal army got after the steward with spear handles. Cap'n George had to clean up the palace every day, and Rosy and the queen, who was dead gone on her witch husband, and let him do anything he wanted to, stood over him and found fault and punched him with sharp sticks to see him jump. And Julius had to fetch and carry and wait and get on his knees whenever he spoke to the king and be helped up again with a krik, like as not."

"Rosy took back all his own clothes that they'd stole, and then he took theirs for good measure. He made 'em marry the three ugliest old women on the island, his own bride excepted, and when they undertook to use a club or anything he had them flocked instead. He wore 'em down to skin and bone. Jule said you wouldn't believe a mortal man could treat his feller creatures so low down and mean, and the meanest part of it was that he always called 'em the names that they used to call him aboard ship."

"For a good six months this went on—just the same length of time that Rosy was aboard the Emily. Then one morning early Julius looks out of one of the holes in the roof of his house, and off on the horizon, heading in, he sees a small steamer, a pleasure yacht the Prince of Wales. Tell 'er we'll make her look like the sweetest old chocolate drop in the fathy shop. She stuck on the sand just a minute, and in that minute down from the palace comes King Rosy, running the way he run from the first wife over at Hello. He leaped over the stern, picked up the other oar, and off they put across the lagoon. The rudder was in its place, and so was the tiller, but they couldn't use 'em then."

"They had a good start, but before they'd got very far the

Home Course In Domestic Science

XIII.—Washing Day Made Easy.

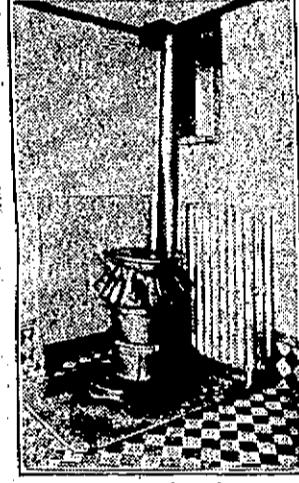
By EDITH G. CHARLTON,
In Charge of Domestic Economy, Iowa
State College.

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Association.

BLUE Monday" might lose some of its terror for the average family if the weekly washing were changed to some other day. Steam-laden rooms, odor of boiling suds, an untidy house from kitchen to attic and "pleakup" meals all day, combined with the accumulation of duties and cares since Saturday, make Monday a disagreeable day for every one. Whoever established the custom of setting Monday aside for a "wash day" made life just a little harder than necessary in scores of homes. And yet so firmly established has the custom become that it takes genuine courage to break away from it and wash on Tuesday instead. When you think about it, how much more suitable Tuesday is for the work than Monday, which, following a day of rest, finds the whole house more or less disarranged!

It is rarely possible, and sometimes quite unwise to attempt to outline any housekeeper's work for her. One must know conditions and be familiar with the life of the family before being really competent to arrange the routine of domestic affairs. But for the benefit of the woman who has everything to do for her family and who perhaps is not wholly satisfied with her present plan let me present this program for at least Monday and Tuesday:

Monday.—Put the house in order. Plan the meals for Tuesday and do extra baking for that day. Get the laundry ready for washing. That means took over the soiled clothing and do the necessary mending. Tears and broken seams increase in washing. Take out stains. It is much easier to do this before washing than after, and there is more time the day



HANDY LAUNDRY STOVE.

before than when the washing is in process. Soak soiled clothes. See that tubs and other things are ready for an early start; also be sure that soap, bluing and other supplies are on hand.

Tuesday.—The special work for this day will be the washing, but it should not be carried on to the complete disarrangement of the family life. Good, substantial meals should be served promptly; as on other days, and the wife and mother should not be so enslaved by the wash tub and wringer that she has no thought or attention for husband and children. There is no reason why she should be if the washing has not beyond all reason piled up her work, so that it requires almost superhuman effort to accomplish it. While preparing breakfast the laundry fire may be started and the water heated. After breakfast and after the dining table has been cleared the washing can be commenced; and if it is performed in an intelligent way from start to finish it ought not to interfere to any great extent with the ordinary comforts of the day. The clothes were sorted and some of them put to soak the day before. That means a long stride toward an early completion.

The Order of the Wash.
One reason why there are so many indifferent laundresses and so much inferior laundry work is because little or no attention has been given to difference in fabrics. Cotton, linen, silk and wool are practically treated in the same way. The same kind of soap is used for all. They are washed to water of the same temperature. Sometimes they are washed in the same water. They are given the same amount of rubbing and equally indifferent rinsing.

In sorting the clothes arrange them in five piles as follows:

Table linen and fine muslins.
Bed linen, towels and handkerchiefs previously soaked in ammonia and water if used for a cold.

Flannels.

Colored cottons and stockings.

Sold towels and cloths.

No one questions that soaking the clothes loosens the dirt and makes the washing easier, but only white clothes or fast colors can be treated in this way, and it is not well to soak all kinds of white clothes in one tub. After soaking in cold water to which a good naphtha soap or washing powder has been added little or no rubbing will be necessary before putting the clothes in the boiler. Kerosene used in small quantity in the cold water to which clothes are soaked makes the washing easier. The success of laundering also depends on the kind and

amount of soap used. For wool and silk articles, use only a good white soap containing very little alkali or acid. Both these chemicals have an injurious effect on silk and wool. Soda makes woolen garments yellow, makes the fiber harsh and less elastic. The fiber of wool is composed of numerous sections, or sheaths, each with more or less jagged edges and each one growing out of the other. These sheaths form a tube which, with its jagged edges, explains the reason for shrinking. Diluted acids roughen the wool fiber; strong acids disintegrate it. Chloride of lime injures the fiber even if cold; used hot, the fiber is destroyed. Ammonia has the least injurious action on wool, therefore is the most satisfactory agent for cleansing it.

Silk is a strong, elastic, lustrous double fiber. All alkalies act upon it, according to the kind, strength and temperature of the solution and the length of time the silk is left in the solution. The fiber is first loosened, and the fiber is finally dissolved. Dilute acids roughen silk and strong acids ruin it. Thus it will be seen that all garments of silk and wool should be washed with only the mildest soap. This should be made into a suds by cutting the soap into thin slices; dissolving it in hot water and adding to the suds in which the garments are to be washed. This method is much better than rubbing the soap directly on the garment. Both silk and wool are injured by dry heat. Silk first stiffens, then breaks; so that the water in which it is washed should not be hot. Blankets should be washed in water of the same temperature throughout the process and should be hung to dry in a temperature the same as the water. The expansion and contraction of the wool fibers, caused by change in temperatures, make flannel thick. Tepid water and a moderate temperature for drying and the best white soap added to the washing water are simple rules to observe in washing woolen garments.

The vegetable fibers, such as cotton and flax, are of a woody nature, tough, strong and not so easily affected by chemicals. For this reason cotton and flax materials are not so soon spoiled by careless washing as either silk or wool, and yet, too, much suds, prolonged boiling in dirty water, indifferent rinsing and inattention to stains soon make the best cotton or linen dingy and unattractive. One of the commonest neglects in ordinary washing is that the water is not changed often enough. Garment after garment is washed in water so saturated with dirt that it is impossible to make it remove any more. This washing is followed by careless rinsing in only one water, which does not begin to take out all the soap. If the bluing follows, as it often does, this rinsing in soapy water, the clothes are very liable to be stained with iron rust. This will almost certainly be the case if Prussian blue is used. This substance is a salt of iron, and with an alkali such as there is in soap changes to iron rust. A simple experiment to determine whether or not you are using Prussian blue is to heat a little of it in a strong solution of salt soda. If Prussian blue the mixture will turn yellowish red, and iron rust will settle to the bottom of the vessel.

Simple General Directions.

It is more often neglect of little things than carelessness about big main points that makes washing an unsatisfactory task. Attention to these details may lighten the work for some women and bring them better results.

Remember to make fresh suds whenever necessary. It is a mistake to think you can make clothes clean in dirty water.

Put the clothes to boil in cold water and heat slowly. The best results are obtained when there is a large quantity of water and the boiler is but half full of clothes. Each boilerful of clothes should be put on in clean, cold water.

Rinsing is very important. The clothes must be free from soap before rinsing. Use soft water for first rinsing, then hard water if color of soft is not good.

Hard water may be softened by boiling, then cooling before using, or a solution of sal Soda may be added. This ought not to be too strong or the soda will injure both the fabric and the bands.

In bluing shake out each article and drop it into the bluing water, rinse carefully through the water, then wring out at once. Do not allow clothes to stay in bluing water for any length of time or they will be streaked.

Thick starch is made by mixing one-half cup of laundry starch and one-quarter cup of cold water, then add one-quarter teaspoonful of white wax or lard and one quart of boiling water. Put over the fire and boil for several minutes, stirring constantly. Uncooked or partly cooked starch will stick. Thick starch may be diluted, or if a thin quality is desired use twice as much water.

Ironing is the completion of good laundry work and the test of the laundress. It requires a good thick ironing blanket tucked securely to an ironing table or board, clean irons, an iron stand, a piece of beeswax tied in a cloth on which to clean the irons, a bit of old cloth on which to wipe them and a piece of paper folded several times on which to try the irons. This is the necessary outfit, but in addition there must be practice, care and skill to insure complete success.

The Gallant Cabman.

Nothing perhaps produces quite so much wit from a cabman as a sense of being underpaid, which in most cases means that he has been justly paid. A lady who had been guilty of this kind of Justice experienced the usual sense of discomfort when her driver straightened the palm into which she had just dropped her shilling and looked at her speechlessly. She was weakly about to add another shilling when the cabby's sense of humor prevailed. He transferred the shilling to his pocket and smiled sweetly down at his embarrassed fare. "Course, missy," he remarked, "there was the pleasure o' drivin' you!"—London Chronicle.

First and Last Words.

"Why do we pay so much attention to the last words of great men?"

"Possibly because their first words are all alike."—Washington Herald.

Arundel Castle.

The most singular circumstance about Arundel castle is that its owner, by mere right of ownership, is Earl of Arundel in the peerage of England. It is believed that there is no similar example of peerage held on such conditions. Apparently there would be no legal obstacle, were the house of Howard to fail upon evil days and the castle be sold to some millionaire, to prevent the millionaire taking his seat in the house of lords as Earl of Arundel.—London Standard.

A STRANGE PLANT.

The Drinking Orchid and Its Fruiting.

Search For Water.
"The strangest orchid I ever saw," said a naturalist, "lives on the edge of a lagoon on the Rio de la Plata. I say, for surely no animal is more alive than they, and among them I first realized the pathos of a plant's immobility, the cruelty of its roots that bind it forever to one spot."

"These orchids had each at the center, or axis, a long stem a half inch wide and quarter inch thick. They grew on dead banks overhanging the lagoon, and now and then when in need of water, they unclosed their axial stems, lowered them three or four feet to the stream and when enough water had been drunk closed the stems again as a tape measure coils up its spool."

"A strange sight that still and tropic afternoon—a sheet sun-drenched lagoon, a scarlet bank of orchids and here and there these slim, supple tubes descending to drink, satisfying them selves, then coiling up again."

"But what impressed me most was a mass of faded orchids that continually and restlessly let down their tubes to drink, for the stream had fallen, and hence the tubes descended upon dry ground. It was pitiful. The orchids were dying, but with what strength was left to them they lowered and drew up their tubes. They fell feverishly and weakly for the water that wasn't there."

"A sad sight—a sight that brought home the pathos of the immobility of plants!"—Exchange.

BLAKE'S VISIONS.

The Curious Hallucinations of the Poet-Painter.

William Blake, the contemporary of Charles Lamb, was a man of visions. Blake lived with prophets and held converse with archangels. A friend of Blake, called on the poet-painter, found him sitting, pen in hand, drawing a portrait with all the seeming anxiety of a man who is conscious of having a hideous sitter. He looked and drew and drew and looked, yet no living soul was visible.

"Disturb me not," said Blake in a whisper. "I have some one sitting to me." "Sitting to you?" exclaimed the astonished visitor. "Where is he?" I see no one." "But I see him," answered Blake laughingly. "There he is. His name is Lot. You may read of him in the Scriptures. He is sitting for his portrait."

Blake's hallucinations, however, rarely took a malignant form. One of his most beautiful visitors was of a fairy funeral. "I was walking along in my garden," he said, "There was a great stillness among the branches and flowers and more than common sweetness in the air. I heard a low and pleasant sound and knew not whence it came."

"At last I saw the broad leaf of a flower move, and underneath I saw a procession of creatures of the size and color of green and gray grasshoppers, bearing a body laid out on a rose leaf, which they buried with songs and then disappeared. It was a fairy's funeral."

—Chicago News.

Simple General Directions.

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Rinsing is very important. The clothes must be free from soap before rinsing. Use soft water for first rinsing, then hard water if color of soft is not good.

Conscious During a Fall.

Every time a workman falls from a forty-story building there are people to say, "Well, he probably didn't feel it when he struck." There is little or no basis for this belief that a person is dead or unconscious at the end of a long fall. Our surviving jumpers from Brooklyn bridge prove this, and that a person retains consciousness is shown by the case of the English boy who fell down a pit some 250 feet deep and shouted "Below!" three times on the way down. One theory is that a person falling would not be able to breathe, but a train at sixty miles an hour is moving faster than one would move in falling a hundred or so feet, and no one pretends that one would die of suffocation if he put his head out the train window.—Exchange.

Thick starch is made by mixing one-half cup of laundry starch and one-quarter cup of cold water, then add one-quarter teaspoonful of white wax or lard and one quart of boiling water. Put over the fire and boil for several minutes, stirring constantly. Uncooked or partly cooked starch will stick. Thick starch may be diluted, or if a thin quality is desired use twice as much water.

A Way of Explaining It.

Wife—Why, John, just see what a stupid blunder the newspaper has made in its account of our sister wedding! Don't you remember I wrote it out for the reporter that we had spent together twenty-five years of married happiness, and the stupid typesetter has gone and made it twenty-five years.

Wife—Oh, well, dear, don't be too hard on the poor fellow. Perhaps he's been married twenty-five years.

John—How can he be spared a few months by my efforts!" he remarked, while he put on his overcoat, "and I am going to take you on a Mediterranean trip. The boat sails next week, I think, but I guess I can manage to secure good rooms."

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Historical and Genealogical.

Notes and Queries.

In sending matter to this department the following rules must be absolutely observed:

1. Name and address of the writer must be given.
2. The full name and address of the writer must be given.
3. Make all queries as brief as is consistent with clearness.
4. Write on one side of the paper only.
5. In answering queries always give the date of the paper, the number of the query, and the size of the paper.
6. Letters to the editor, contributions, or to be forwarded, must be sent in blank stamped envelopes, accompanied by the number of the query and its signature.

Direct all communications to
MISS E. M. TILLEY,
Newport Historical Society,
Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, MARCH 19, 1910.

NOTES.

DARLING—Deuid Darling and Hannah Francis, m. at Braintree, Mass., by Peter Brickett, Jan. 3d, 1662.

List of children b. at Braintree:

1. Cornelius, b. March 4, 1663, d. May 11, 1683.

2. John, b. Sept. 1601.

3. Son, b. Aug. 18, 1667, d. Aug. 19.

4. Sarah, b. Jan. 29, 1669, d.

5. Cornelius, b. March 23, 1672, d.

6. Hannah, b. Jan. 14, 1677, d.

(Braintree Records.)

List of children b. at Mendon:

7. Ebenezer, b. Jan. 8, 1670.

8. Daniel, b. April 23, 1692, m.

Lydell (2nd)

9. Elizabeth, b. July 2, 1695 w.

Obadiah Wheelock.

10. Benjamin, b. Feb. 11, 1687. (Mendon Records.)

Hannah Francis, perhaps dau. of

John and Ross Francis. (Mendon Rec-

ords.)

The name of Darling is spelt variously—Durant, Darling, Deuid Darling,

Durant, Deuid Durle, Darling

Darling, (in Salem). Darling wife are

found in Suffolk Co. or Middlesex Pro-

vince before 1718, but no deed or Mem-

orandum, so far, showing parentage of

Deuid Darling. Deuid Darling was at

Braintree in 1683; so was John Darling

in 1684. They are supposed to have

been brothers. George Darling, of

Lynn had a son George, b. in March,

1667. The similarity of names between

his children and those of Deuid makes

it probable that they were all brother.

George Darling once lived in that part

of Lynn now called Saugusport, and

these are boundary trees marked "D.

F. K." (Darling and King). George

Darling of Salem (George Darling, Sr.

Yeomen) makes a will, April 12, 1693;

mentions wife Catherine, sons James,

Daniel, Thomas, Benjamin, and John;

also daughters, Hannah, Sarah, and

Margaret. Salem—Probate Rec., Vol.

203, page 149-9.

Another paper filed shows that one

of the daughters m. Jonathan Whipple

of Providence, and another dau.,

Martha, m. Nov. 13, 1706; James Rose.

In 1720, John Darling of Bellington

deeds land in Mendon to Daniel Darling

of Mendon. John Darling, of Mendon,

deeds land to son-in-law Samuel

Hunt and wife Elizabeth, both of Bell-

ingham, Suffolk Co. Vol. 5 page 352

Dennis Darling and wife Hannah b. deed

to son Daniel land in Mendon, March

9, 1718-19. (Recorded 1747-8.) Worcester Land Records, Vol. 23, page 200.

Daniel Darling of Mendon, makes a

will Jan. 15, 1745-6; mentions wife

Lydia, sons Daniel, Samuel, Peter and

William; also dau. Abigail Thayer,

Lydia, Boyce, Susanna Thompson

and Keziah Hunt. Leaves daughters

land in Mendon, on Southerly Side of

Great River (Blacksome). Will

proved March 24, 1745-6. Inventory at

Mendon, March 11, 1745-6. Amount

£42, 8, 3. Benjamin Darling, Gent,

appointed guardian of William, minor,

aged 15 years, son of Daniel Darling,

Blacksmith, deceased.

Copy of will of Dennis Darling,

March 1748. To all Christian people

to whom these presents shall come:

Dennis Darling of Mendon in the Co.

of Suffolk, and in the Province of

Mass. Bay in New England, seeth

greeting. Know ye that I the said

Dennis Darling, being by divine

favor grown into old age and being

therby under such weaknes and

thereby infirme as renders me

incapable to manage the Estate

God hath Graciously bestowed on me

for my support, and the support of

my beloved wife, and whereas my

Beloved Sou, Daniel Darling, is will-

ing to Improve and Mendage My

Lands Yet in my Possession, for me

and his mother, her confort, and yet

During the Continuance of me and

my wife her life shall be lengthened

out, and now know ye, that I, the

said Dennis Darling, for the encouragement

of my said sou, Daniel Darling, in

the duty of piety he is willing

to engage me above expresssed, Doe;

by these presents, Give, alene and

convey, confirm, freely, fully

and absolutely the moiety or half of

the Lands I am setteld upon, being

by estimation 16 acres ac. Siquid by

Dennis Darling and wife Hannah,

Feb. 10, 1712.

This was an absolute gift, the other

half to belong to Daniel after the death

of his parents. Mentions land given to

son Benjamin. A will of Benjamin

Darling, Gentleman, of Mendon, dated

November 28, 1770, calls himself far

advanced in age. Mentions wife Su-

sanah, son Benjamin, Joseph, Eben-

ezer, Peter and Thomas, and heirs of

son Samuel, deceased; daughters Deb-

orah Wheelock, Hannah Butles, Abi-

igail Hunt, Elizabeth Medway and

Anne Darling. A protest against the

acceptance of this will, signed by Dan-

iel Wheelock, Jeremiah Butles and

Elizabah Hunt, at Uxbridge, June 5,

1772, says that three of the heirs are

more than two hundred miles away.

Original papers in Probate Court at

Worcester, Mass.

Daniel Darling, son of Dennis, had a

farm of 70 acres in the South part of

Mendon. His widow, Lydia, was in

Mendon in 1748. Daniel Darling is

buried in Cemetery at Millville, Mass.

The stone reads "Here's land the body

of Daniel Darling, died at Mendon,

Jan. 25, 1717, or 1718, aged 77. The

Woonsocket Rubber Works are now on

what was Daniel Darling, born at Me-

don, April 23, 1682, married Lydia.

Their children:

1. Abigail, b. Oct. 11, 1706.

2. Daniel, b. Mar. 23, 1709, m. Sept.

1712. Mary Hunt, of Smithfield.

3. Lydia, b. Jan. 5, 1711.

4. Samuel, b. Mar. 18, 1714-5.

5. Susannah, b. Aug. 2, 1717.

6. Kenneth, b. Nov. 10, or 11, 1719.

mid. John Hunt.

7. Peter, b. Aug. 12, 1722.

8. William, b. Jan. 15, 1731. (Me-

don records.)—X. Y. Z.

dev mentioned in above query, was son of John Worden, married November 12, 1759, to Elizabeth Babcock. John Worden was son of John Worden and Dorothy Saterlee, of Westerly and Hopkinton, R. I. They were married May 1, 1748. He had died before John Jr. and Elizabeth Babcock were married in 1769. Would like parentage of John Worden and Dorothy Saterlee.—F. L.

6048. BABCOCK—Elizabeth Babcock, who married John Worden in 1769, was born in 1738 and was the daughter of Joshua Babcock, Jr. He was deceased when his daughter was married. Would like name of his wife and parentage of both, with dates of birth, marriage and death.—F. L.

6044. SATERLEE—Who were the ancestors of Dorothy Saterlee, who married John Worden? He was born at Westerly, about 1724. She died probably at Richmond, R. I., 1767, aged 43 years.—F. L.

6045. RICHMOND—Who were the parents of Rebecca Richmond, who married Peter Worden, May 26, 1720? They lived at Yarmouth, Mass.—F. L.

6046. HOLLEY—Who were the ancestors of Mary Holley, who married Peter Worden, in 1693? He was born at Yarmouth, Mass., 1668, died at Warwick, R. I., 1732. She died 1733, aged 65. They were of Westerly, R. I., 1715.—F. L.

6047. WORDEN: HOLLEY—Who were the parents of Hopehill Holley, born 1610, died September 17, 1715, married Samuel Worden, born 1610, died at Stonington, Conn., Aug. 26, 1710.—F. L.

6048. HOLLEY: BEARS: WINSLOW—Who was Mary, wife of Peter Worden, of Yarmouth, Mass., son of the first Peter, who came from England to Cape Cod. It is said that her name was Mary Sears or Winslow. Can any tell me what it was? His will was dated Jan. 9, 1690, proved March 8, 1691. Her will was dated March, 1690; proved May, 1691. Will of the first Peter was dated Feb. 9, 1688 and proved March 5 of the same year. Who was his wife?—F. L.